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self so brilliantly at present. His talent and inventive genius are worthy of a larger field, and not merely the larger field of etching, which appears now to tempt him, but the larger and grander field of decorative painting applied to the adornment of interior architecture.

THEODORE CHILD.

A RECENT LONDON EXHIBITION.

THE French gallery in Pall Mall, which might better be called the European, representing as it does every school, English as well as Continental, makes this year a more brilliant display than ever before. The general character of this exhibition, to the eye fresh from the more strictly native ones, is of a refined pomp and splendor, a glory of color and dazzle of light-effects resulting in a certain impression of easy, elegant, and polished sophistication not unlike that one receives from Watteau shepherdesses or the dairy-maids of le Petit Trianon. Nature is seen costumed à la française and coquettishly conscious of every decorative advantage she can win from art. Continental art is too often self-conscious, but that self-consciousness is confined to its own brilliant external accomplishments, and is not the moral and sentimental self-consciousness which occasionally makes "patch-worky" and toneless English canvases seem so priggish.

A Munich picture, called "Home to the Fold," by E. Meissner, is a case in proof of this self-consciousness of Continental art. Nothing could be more simple and natural than the subject, a shepherd driving his flock homeward across a snowy plain, and pausing to say a prayer with bared head before a snow-freighted Calvary, and in the face of the setting sun. The sheep are faultlessly drawn and subtly fused in the deepening dusk, the shepherd, a nobly picturesque figure, monumentally outlined against dazzling snow and sky. Nevertheless, the whole scene is made operatically suggestive, and the art self-conscious by a stage-like illumination, like electric light, from the western sky falling upon the shepherd's face and figure; by the evident effort for "effect" of light-illuminated masses of warm shadow cast against a vividly cold background, the whole result not a poetic translation of picturesque and unconscious nature, but a showy, artistic fantaisie upon a natural theme. Shepherds are often enough warm masses of illumined shadow against cold, bright backgrounds in nature, but always then the effect is an unconscious one and not a deliberate and manifest chilling, heating, sharpening toward one focus—effect. When artistic effort becomes unduly prominent, when one realizes how much has been eliminated and how much subordinated to a central technical idea, when, in fact, a sense of the artist's dexterity and cleverness stands between the



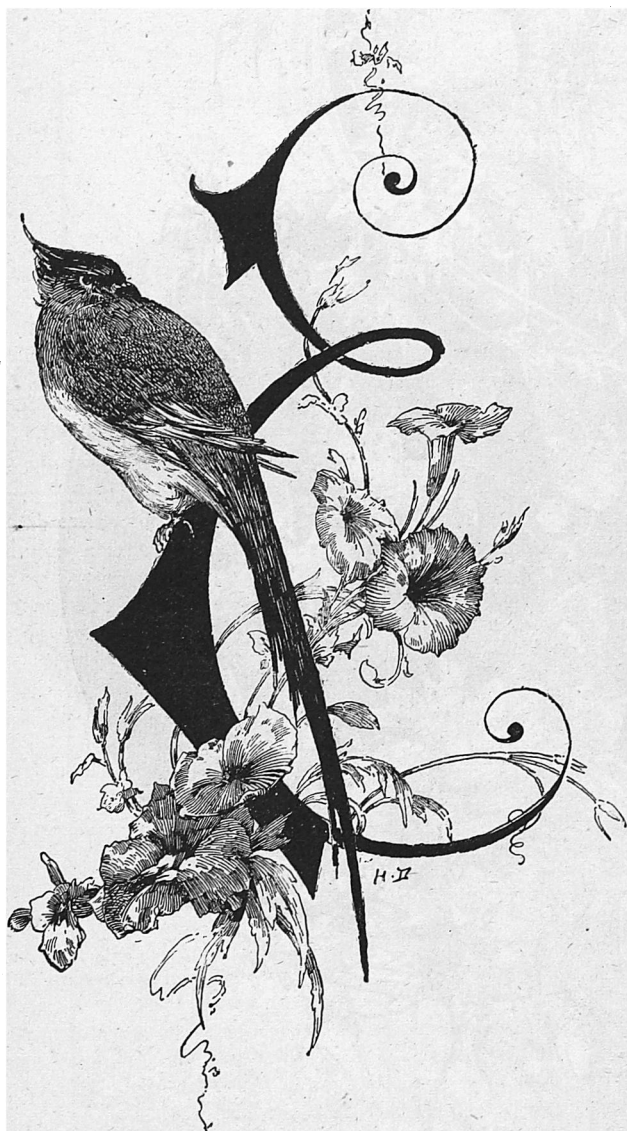
observer and the verity, the beauty, the poetry of the nature he transcribes, then the art is self-conscious, however correct in drawing, graceful in composition, harmonious in color. Meissner has several other

conscious as they are, have a simplicity of incident unusual upon the canvases of florid southrons, who so often seek effect in multiplicity of detail. Josef Israels, the veteran, is an instance of this simplicity, which will readily present itself to every mind. Israels and his followers resolve the incidents of their pictures into their simplest and most essential factors, and eliminate everything not strictly necessary to their telling, poetic sentiment and not brilliancy of technical "effect" being the result aimed at. Carl Heffner, in his landscapes, does exactly the same thing, and surprises one with showing how much can result from how little. This artist's pictures are highly esteemed in London, and the French gallery exhibits several good examples. "Gathering Gloom" is a low, flat landscape of marshland and still water, with a sky absorbing three quarters of the canvas. In the far distance, perhaps six inches away yet seemingly miles, is the straight line of an unpicturesque modern Dutch village, its squat roofs and square walls made picturesque and poetic by the idealizing mystery of the most subtle perspective. "Subtle"—that much-abused word—is the very one to apply to this perspective, melting as it does into measureless space, undirected save by pure artistic instinct. The light-focus is upon cattle drinking in the middle distance, and receiving slant sunrays upon their colorful forms as they wade into the shadowy water. The marshland is dusky and weedy, the scene is pensive and tranquil; the weakness of the picture is its woolly sky, fluffy bags of wind that seem threatening to fall upon the world below and suffocate it. "Golden Gloaming" is another example of this same artist. In this instance Heffner has been less simple and more "effective." The water reflects a

bitumen which he calls "Twilight Gray." This latter is an all-brown canvas, although called gray, and represents the artist's rendering of Milton's lines,

"Now comes still evening on, and twilight gray
Hath in her sober livery all things clad."

It is merely a narrow tongue of wooded land between evening sky and water, a body of broad simple color wrought into tree and foliage, rich, velvety, and soft, massive in form, yet delicate, simple, unaffected, and poetic in sentiment, although real in body.

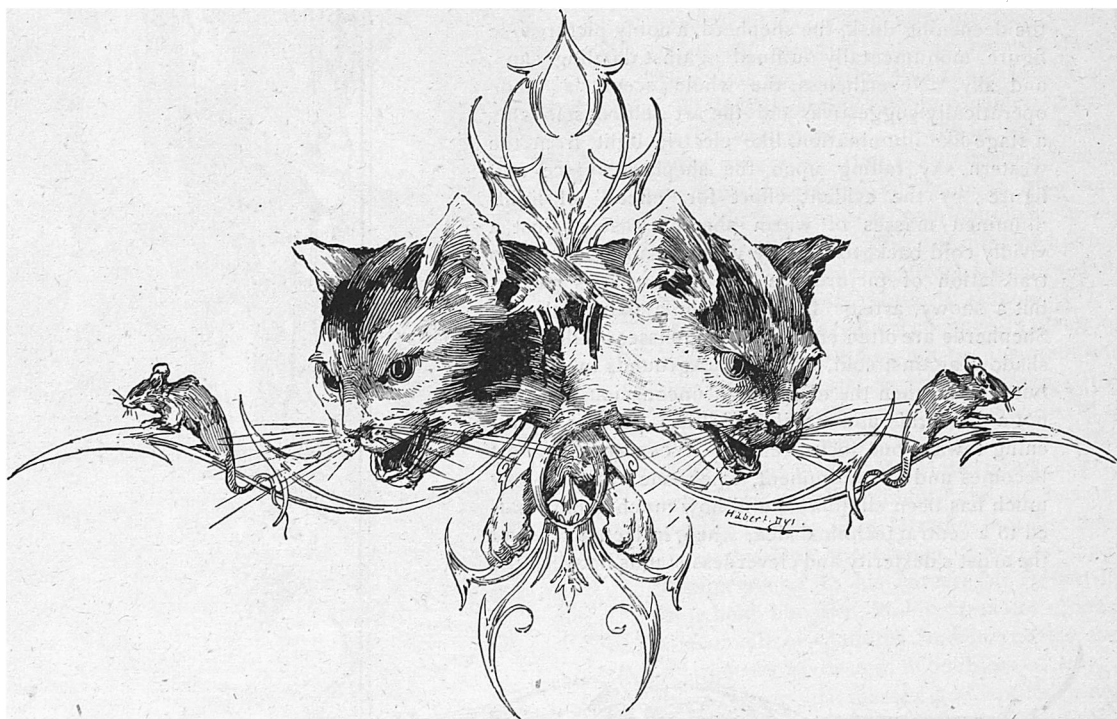


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snow-scenes in this collection, a consciousness of the potentiality of contrasted warmth and chill in the creation of artistic effects evidently thoroughly possessing him. In one called "Winter's Icy Breath," the same incident of a shepherd guiding sheep is repeated on a smaller scale and in different arrangement. The atmosphere is snowblown instead of dusky, and the flock is fused within it, misty yet not formless at the very perfection of the point where the elemental condition of the atmosphere is made both realistically and poetically impressive. It is, however, entirely an "effect picture," with its bluely-cold snow and gaunt, leafless boughs fretted against the sky, and art, not nature, is the impression one receives from it.

The abstract simplicity of certain other of the Munich pictures is in vivid contrast to the artifice of Meissner's work. By a broad generalization it may be said that one sort of simplicity is a characteristic of northern schools as opposed to the art of the Latin races. Even Meissner's pictures, studied and self-

conscious as they are, have a simplicity of incident unusual upon the canvases of florid southrons, who so often seek effect in multiplicity of detail. Josef Israels, the veteran, is an instance of this simplicity, which will readily present itself to every mind. Israels and his followers resolve the incidents of their pictures into their simplest and most essential factors, and eliminate everything not strictly necessary to their telling, poetic sentiment and not brilliancy of technical "effect" being the result aimed at. Carl Heffner, in his landscapes, does exactly the same thing, and surprises one with showing how much can result from how little. This artist's pictures are highly esteemed in London, and the French gallery exhibits several good examples. "Gathering Gloom" is a low, flat landscape of marshland and still water, with a sky absorbing three quarters of the canvas. In the far distance, perhaps six inches away yet seemingly miles, is the straight line of an unpicturesque modern Dutch village, its squat roofs and square walls made picturesque and poetic by the idealizing mystery of the most subtle perspective. "Subtle"—that much-abused word—is the very one to apply to this perspective, melting as it does into measureless space, undirected save by pure artistic instinct. The light-focus is upon cattle drinking in the middle distance, and receiving slant sunrays upon their colorful forms as they wade into the shadowy water. The marshland is dusky and weedy, the scene is pensive and tranquil; the weakness of the picture is its woolly sky, fluffy bags of wind that seem threatening to fall upon the world below and suffocate it. "Golden Gloaming" is another example of this same artist. In this instance Heffner has been less simple and more "effective." The water reflects a



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white lights between the remoter trees make the distance silvery. No evening mist creeps up from the lowlands or water, and the ensemble is harder and less true than in the mass of manipulated

In violent contrast to the dignity and repose of Heffner's work comes a thoroughly Italiano-Franco canvas, the work of Barratti, an Italian painting in Paris, called "Spoliation d'un Juif." It represents a sumptuous Oriental interior, with every detail of carved pillars, sculptured and fretted walls, mosaic floor, and gorgeous Eastern rugs painted with an elaboration and precision almost painful. Upon a divan sits a turbaned and imposing Moor, superintending the spoliation of the Jewish master of the palace, who kneels in the centre of the picture. This Jew

is half nude, and with arms bound in such manner as to display as much strained and displaced anatomy as possible, and, therefore, the technical facility of the artist's mastery of it. Beside him are the spoils in one vivid glow of color, each separate article of the dazzling pile—strings of pearls, gleaming armor, jewels, wrought silver and beaten gold, precious caskets and coffers, gemmed pipes, cups and weapons, and a color-blare of rich stuffs, painted as if with microscope and rainbow. Nothing could be more brilliant and showy than the color, nothing more exact than the draughtsmanship, nothing more clever than the result of all

combined, and nothing more thoroughly unsympathetic. It is capital craftsmanship, even although deficient in the depth and dignity of tone to which Munich artists aspire, but soulless, bravura art, with which the

universe might be walled and floored without causing one noble thought or tender emotion. M. B. W.

PARIS ART TOPICS.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION—PICTURE EXHIBITIONS AT THE CLUBS—THE MANET SALÉ.

THIS year the Société d'Aquarellistes has not made a remarkable exhibition. One of the most talented members of the society, Louis Leloir, died a few days



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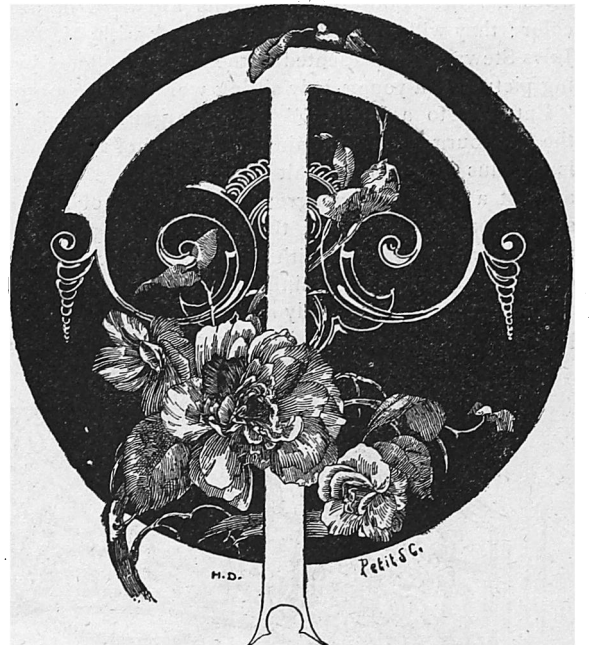
before the opening, and his friends did not think proper to exhibit three pictures that he painted in the intervals of his long illness. Furthermore, the personality of M. Vibert, who was instrumental in founding this society six years ago, and who seems desirous of forming it into a close corporation under the complete control of himself and his personal friends, appears to have been considered too predominant by certain members, and those not the least eminent, who have this year refrained from exhibiting, and whose absence is by no means compensated for by the new members who have been recently elected. The members who have declined to exhibit this year are Mme. Madeleine Lemaire and MM. Heilbuth, Bastien-Lepage, Cazin, Baron and de Neuville; the newly elected exhibitors are MM. Emile Adan, Jean-Paul Laurens, Charles Delort, Guillaume Dubufe, Henri Zuber, J. Max Claude and Jean Béraud, none of whom have hitherto paid any special attention to water-color painting. On the other hand, M. Ziem was black-balled by M. Vibert and his

friends, because his features and his temper were pronounced to be disagreeable. I must ask the reader's pardon for introducing these personal details; but the fact is that this French water-color society,

which gave such brilliant promise during the first four years of its existence, is menaced with discredit, if not with ruin, through this very question of personalities. This year, too, the exhibition contains fewer water-colors than ever, and now, besides gouaches, we have pastels and drawings of all kinds. One cannot help regretting this disorganization of the society.

On the whole, there is no fault to be found with the veterans. Edouard de Beaumont sends his usual contingent of rosy-elbowed soubrettes, whom he knows how to undress so gracefully. John Lewis Brown remains faithful to horses and carriages and Louis XV. costumes, a specialty that seems to please his aristocratic patrons. M. Detaille exhibits twelve drawings of military costumes and types to illustrate Jules Richard's forthcoming volume, "Types et Uniformes de l'Armée Française," drawings in pen-and-ink or sepia, with washes and touches of gouache. M. Dubufe exhibits three portraits of ladies—a gitana, Cypris, and a triptych of Faith, Hope and Charity—all more brilliant than sincere, both in color and conception correct and cold work. M. Duez exhibits some pretty landscapes, as remarkable for quiet realism as those of his colleague, François, are for romantic and poetical quality. But the work neither of M. Duez nor of M. François can be compared for a moment with that of M. Harpignies, who exhibits ten landscapes expressing nature in a great variety of effects, observed with wonderful sincerity and sympathy, and interpreted with much simple power. M. Harpignies is one of the few members of the Société d'Aquarellistes who paints in pure water-color. In my opinion he is one of the most personal and interesting of the modern French landscapists. M. Isabey remains faithful to romantic subjects, that serve as a pretext for brilliant coloring. MM. Roger Jourdain, Lambert, Eugène Lami, who is, by the way, eighty-four years of age and still prolific, and Julien Le Blant also remain faithful to their subjects of predilection, and their work calls for no special comment. M. Maurice Leloir, besides pictures and a fan in his usual witty and highly-stippled style, exhibits six water-colors, very cleverly composed, that are destined to illustrate a special edition of Diderot's "Jacques le Fataliste" to be brought out by the Société des Amis du Livre. He also shows an admirable series of illustrations for M. Launette's projected edition of the "Sentimental Journey," compositions of great charm and intimacy of sentiment. The name of M. de Penne im-

and that of M. Worms Spanish subjects of an anecdotic character. M. Tissot exhibits a series of etchings for the illustration of Edmond de Goncourt's novel, "Renée Mauperin," and four pastels of high merit, only M. Tissot, like M. Renoir and other realists of the Manet school, seems to me to sacrifice some of the chief advantages of pastel, as a medium, by disdaining the powdery and velvety surface that the soft pastel produces. M. Tissot obtains all his effects by strong hatching, which necessarily gives a streaky appearance to his work. In short, at the exhibition



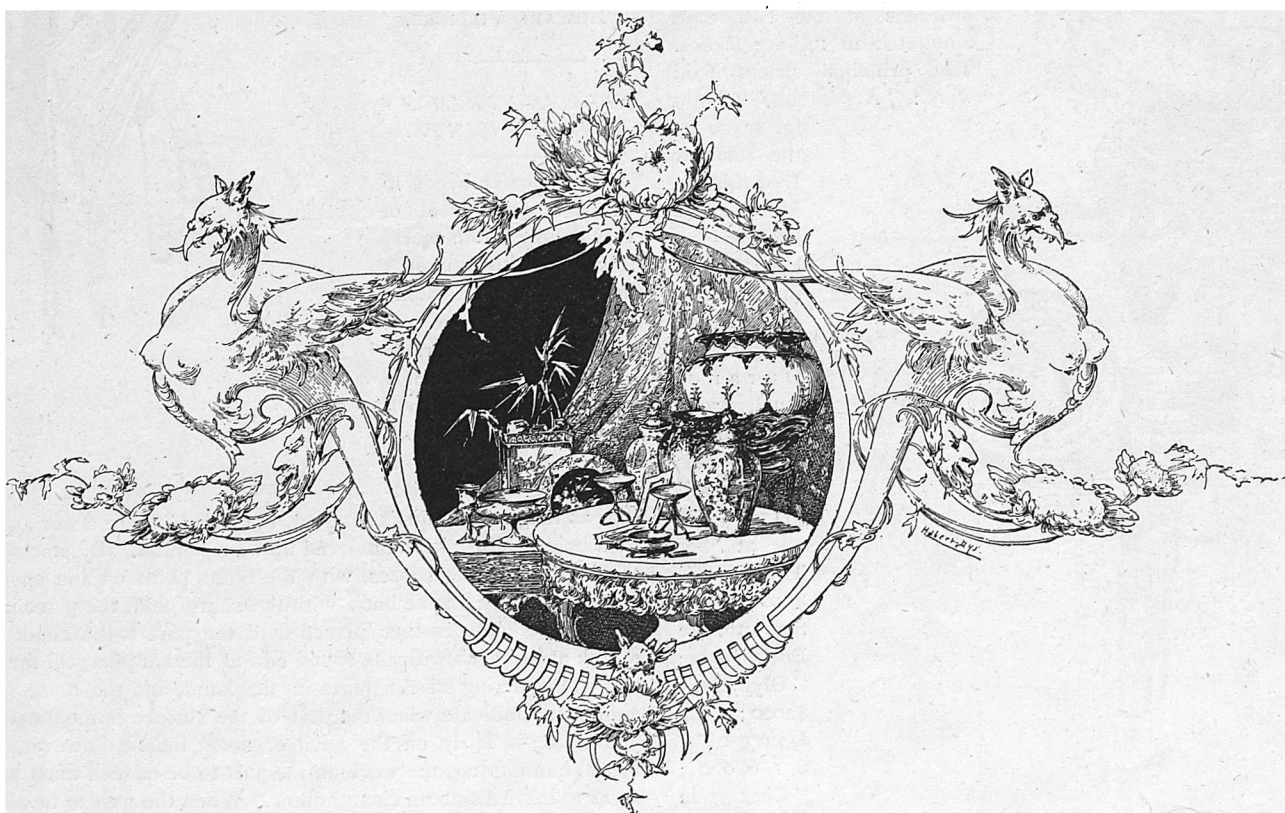
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of the Aquarellistes there is no new temperament, no new genius, no new star to be signalled on the horizon. Among the new members the most original and curious is M. Jean Béraud, who exhibits some very clever and interesting studies of artificial light—an actress in the doorway of her dressing-room, a gallery at a café-concert, and a corner of the stage and orchestra of the Théâtre des Variétés. M. Béraud is a clever observer, bold, ingenious, sincere, but sadly wanting in distinction. Compare his treatment of popular themes with that of Gavarni, and you will feel

at once what I mean by refusing the former that precious quality of distinction, a quality which is at the present moment lamentably rare in realistic French art.

Of the exhibitions at the artistic clubs very little need be said; these "petits salons," the preliminaries of the great annual salon, are just now very fashionable; it is considered good form to go there in the afternoon, to talk about Chase's picture and Machin's portrait at dinner, and

so to augment the reputation of those estimable artists. The exhibition in the Rue Volney is very poor; a portrait by Baudry and a fantaisie by Carolus Duran, inspired by reminiscences of Reynolds and Romney, are



TAIL-PIECE BY HABERT-DYS.

mediately suggests dogs and huntsmen in red coats, just as that of Mme. de Rothschild suggests views of Venice and Holland, both in the same tone; that of M. Vibert something smooth, stippled, and vulgar;